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VOL. 7. NO. 167.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday, June 20, 1863.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT 116 NASSAU STREET, N.Y.

THEODORE TILTON.

EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT: A YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHO MAY BE SAID TO POSSESS A BLACK EYE FOR COLOR.

A FACT WORTH KNOWING.
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TO THE UNION AND LOYAL LEAGUES AND ASSOCIATIONS, AND LOYAL CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES.

PHILADELPHIA, May 25th, 1863.

FELLOW CITIZENS: By direction of the Union League of Philadelphia, the undersigned have the honor to invite your attention to the following Resolutions, to wit: *Resolved*,

"1. That the League will celebrate the approaching Anniversary of American Independence by appropriate ceremonies, at the Hall of Independence.

"2. That all the Union Leagues and Associations in the United States be invited to participate in the celebration, and that they be requested to send deputations from their respective bodies for that purpose.

"3. That it be recommended that the deputies be authorized to represent their respective constituents in any action that may be deemed necessary and expedient to perfect the organization of the friends of the American Union and Government throughout the United States.

"4. That the Committee of Correspondence be authorized to prepare a circular letter, communicating these resolutions to the Union Leagues and loyal Citizens of the respective States, and to adopt such measures as may be necessary to carry them into effect."

For the first time in the history of our Country, the masses of the American people are now invited to commemorate the birth of the Union, at the place where it was born:

To reassert the great principles of the Declaration, that "All men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with the unalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness:"

To acknowledge our obligations to mankind, to maintain those principles as our fathers did, "with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence:"

To declare the indivisibility of the American Union:

To declare the inflexible purpose of the American people, as God shall give them strength, to subdue the enemies of the Union, and reëstablish and perpetuate the National Authority, wherever it has been overthrown by treason or rebellion.

To declare to foreign nations, that while we desire peace with them, we shall hold them responsible for any encouragement they may give to the rebellion against the government of the United States.

To give to history an appropriate expression of our gratitude to the patriot-armies and navy of the Republic: and

To declare our determination to sustain the constituted authorities of the Government now and hereafter, in all measures adopted and prosecuted by them for the suppression of the rebellion without compromise with traitors, as the only means of securing an honorable and lasting peace.

The Committee are gratified to announce that the President of the United States has accepted an invitation to participate in the proceedings.

Fellow Citizens of the United States, we call upon you to coöperate with us in this First National Celebration, and to adopt such measures as you may deem proper, to make it worthy of a free people who have inherited, and now possess, and appreciate the blessings of liberty.

CHARLES GIBBONS, Chairman.

Henry C. Carey,	Chas. Smith,	James L. Claghorn,
Horace Binney, Jr.,	F. A. Comly,	Wm. Henry Rawle,
Frederick Fraley,	Alfred M. Jessup,	Evan Randolph,
Daniel Smith, Jr.,	Daniel Dougherty,	E. Spencer Miller,
Jos. Allison,	John W. Forney,	M. H. Messchert,
Benj. Gerhard,	Morton McMichael,	C. H. Needles,
Geo. H. Stuart,	Clark Hare,	S. C. Perkins,
N. B. Browne,	Wilson C. Swann, M. D.,	Craig D. Ritchie,
William Camac, M.D.,	Edgar Thomson,	W. S. Stewart,
S. M. Felton,	C. H. Ashburst,	J. Price Wetherill,
A. E. Borie,	Jno. H. Boker,	E. D. Whitney,
Wm. M. Tilghman,	Jno. B. Myers,	Geo. J. Weaver,
H. Carey Lea,	Gillingham Fell,	Chas. S. Wurts, M.D.,
Ed. Hartshorne, M.D.,	J. Dreer,	Wm. Struthers,
Thos. Webster,	C. Howell,	G. M. Conrroe,
Ellis Yarnall,	George Trott,	Saunder Lewis,
	And many others.	

General Committee of Arrangement.

GEORGE H. BOKER, Secretary.

Union League Headquarters.

AGENTS wanted in every City, Town and Regiment in the Union, to sell the NEW UNION LEAGUE PINS, together with all kinds of JEWELRY and MASONIC EMBLEMS. I will send as sample, on the receipt of either 25 or 50 cents, one of the U. L. Pins, together with my wholesale Circular, and on the receipt of $1 I will send either a FINE GOLD PEN and PENCIL, or MASONIC PIN or RING, or a new style VEST CHAIN, or GUARD CHAIN, or NECK CHAIN, or set of NEW STYLE STUD-BUTTONS.

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VANITY FAIR.

THE WEEKLY ISSUE OF THIS

GREAT ORIGINAL, HUMOROUS, AND SATIRICAL ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

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VANITY FAIR, believing that it is the duty of the patriot to forego every other consideration for the time being, and to strike at the heart of this rebellion until it is thoroughly crushed, will lend its humble aid to sustain the Government in this necessary work, and at the same time pay attention to our enemies without, making the paper in every particular THOROUGHLY NATIONAL.

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Conducted by men who are familiar with the political history of the country who know what the public wants, it is not to be wondered at that the political illustrations of VANITY FAIR have surpassed all of our contemporaries in design, effect, and sarcastic humor. Our Engravings can be found nowhere else. In every respect they are strictly original, not transfers from PUNCH or other foreign papers, nor reproductions for the tenth time from old blocks, made to do duty under new titles, or, when original, engraved by unskilful, cheap workmen, but every one is the creation of a superior artist for the special number in which it appears, engraved by first-class artists, AND IS NEVER USED THE SECOND TIME ON THE PAPER.

The paper will be published every Saturday, and will be for sale everywhere one week preceding its date, at SIX CENTS per copy, but those who wish to sustain it will do so more thoroughly by subscribing, and remitting us THREE DOLLARS, for which the paper will be sent one year, post-paid.

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Furnished for the Freedmen by Yale [illegible]

THE CONJUGAL DRAMA.

Smithers.—"A TRUCE TO MUTUAL RECRIMINATIONS, MY DEAR: THERE'S NO LIMIT TO THEM, ONCE BEGUN. FOR INSTANCE, YOU CALL ME A BALD-HEADED OLD FOOL, AND THEN I ASK WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE BEEN IF I HADN'T SNATCHED YOU FROM YOUR NATIVE CABBAGE-GARDEN, AND THEN—" (*Mrs. Smithers goes into hysterics, and curtain falls.*)

(H)all a Joke.

"A PORTION of the COPPERHEAD party in Pennsylvania," observed JENKS sententiously, "not satisfied with the present increase of the 'CONCERT SALOON' abomination in their Capital, are making an effort to turn their GUBERNATORIAL MANSION into a "Beargarden,' this fall."

"Really now, are you serious?" exclaimed the "GOOD YOUNG MAN," anxiously.

"Certainly! They are trying their best to make a VAUX-HALL of it!"

The G. Y. M. turned pale with horror.

Redolent of Pork Chops.

IT appears that the Senate of Illinois has passed a "stupendous Gridiron Railway scheme" for the city of Chicago.

Nothing but Pig iron, of course, is to be used in the construction of this "Gridiron."

"Out of the Frying-Pan," etc.

THE latest news about CLEMENT VALLANDIGHAM is that he has been cast into a dungeon by his friends, the rebels. This, indeed, is getting "out of the frying-pan into the fire;" but, as VALLANDIGHAM is very small Fry, after all, we hardly think that the rebels will be much benefited by thus Bolting him.

"Reductio Ad."

"PEMBERTON," observed the CRITIC, "must regard the operations of General GRANT with the same feelings with which WORCESTER, the lexicographer, looks upon the pocket edition of his great Dictionary!"

"How so?" demanded SOMEBODY.

"Why, as sensitive authors would naturally view a complete reduction of their works!"

COPPERHEAD LYRICS.

No. VIII.

AIR—*The Pirate's Glee (he! he!)*

Blow on! blow on! we love the howling of fools!
It helps the cause along!
The weakest tamest, feeblest possible ghouls—
It's the fools who make us strong!
We stick together like bold fellows!
We nail our white flag to the mast!
And while it mildly flops, each bellows:
"We *will* defend it to the last!"
Blow on! blow on! etc.

Roll on! roll on! we love the rolling of drums
That tell us we must go!
We feel, when the grim and stern official comes,
Rejoiced to have it so!
We're saved a world of care and trouble:
Who likes to lie a steady stream?
While they don't dream our tongues are double,
The Rebs know we're not what we seem!
Roll on! roll on! etc.

Write on! write on! we love the writing of Jacks
Who give us credit for pluck!
Until the editors gave us those fearful cracks,
Our only trust was luck!
But now, though white are all our livers,
We strut like patriot-heroes all:
Our blood, we swear, shall flow like rivers—
It will, if any of us fall!
Write on! write on! etc.

Fret on! fret on! we like the clenching of hands,
The frantic, furious threats!
These League-ing, frothing, resolute Loyal bands
Are splendid Copperhead nets!
We say the same thing over and over!
We wag our heads, and wink our eyes—
Our banished friends all live in clover,
But, when they go, just hear our cries!
Fret on! fret on! etc.

Fight on! fight on! we love the whistle of balls—
So long as we're not hit!
We stay and read the news within our walls,
And relish our own wit!
We praise the rebels' splendid bearing!
We call them sons of chilvalry!
But, as for Union pluck and daring,
Why, that's all in my eye, you see!
Fight on! fight on! etc,

MIND YOUR EYE!

THE following curious statement is taken from a provincial paper:

"DR. UPDEGRAFF, of Elmira, N. Y., recently removed from the eye of a Mr. ZIGLER a living animal, which had been luxuriating for about a year in the aqueous humor. This is the first instance of the kind ever known in the United States."

It would be satisfactory to know more about the "living animal" above referred to, with regard to size, whether a quadruped, etcetera. The writer of the paragraph is mistaken in stating that the instance given by him is the "first of the kind ever known in the United States," as it is well known that Mr. BARNUM has had in his eye, at different times, a hippopotamus, a mermaid, and other living animals, too numerous to mention.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from McArone.

Washington, June, 10th.

Dear Vanity.—I was just on the point of taking Vicksburgh, last week, when I received a telegram from a gentleman high in authority, requesting my immediate presence here.

I came at once. Before leaving the Mississippi, however, I sent General Grant the following order.

Headquarters, June 1.

General Orders, No. 1,000,000,004.—Take Vicksburgh.

McArone.

Ass't. Sup. Gen. Com. Rijamaya. U. S. A. M. D. C. L. X. Y. Z. &c.

Undoubtedly, the order is filled by this time.

"Chevalier," said President Lincoln to me, on my arrival, "have you considered the political movements of the day, and their bearings?"

"Somewhat, Sire," I responded, "but not excessively."

"It is time. The campaign commences. Would you like to be President of the United States?"

"I do' know."

"It isn't much fun," sighed Lincoln, wearily. "It is harder than flat-boating, and more confusing than splitting rails. I have had a good Cabinet, and a splendid people to support me. But the demagogues torture me, and the Copperhead sympathizers undo the work of my Armies. Confound 'em!" added the excellent chief, warming up, "what shall I do with them?"

"Draft 'em," I suggested.

"Bah! they won't fight. They're all Peace men . . . that is, cowards," said Lincoln, with ineffable disgust.

"Suppose we hang 'em all."

"That would be better. Meanwhile, would you accept a nomination for the Presidency . . . ?"

"Not if you will run for election, Sire."

"You do me proud, Chevalier McArone. Had I more such men as these, the land would soon be blest again, and smile as it was wont to smile."

I embraced his knees, which are at just a handy height from the floor, and thanked him with tears.

After a brief silence, the President resumed:

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud, when so beset by the distractions of a severed people? Yet will there be several candidates, and maybe more. There is talk of Seward, of Chase, of McClellan, of Fremont, of Crittenden, of Banks, of Butler, and the hokey knows how many more. Now, all these parties will unite, if we can find one upright, honest, vigorous, capable man . . . the true Genius of the Hour."

". . . Yourself, Sire . . . ?"

"No," said he, turning brusquely upon me; "his other name it is Chevalier McArone!"

I felt that I blushed crimson, and became very handsome.

"But, Sire," I faltered, "why thrust this undue honor upon me? I am the lowly violet, the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley. My business is to blush unseen . . . if I have done good by stealth . . . and I suppose I have done more than any six other men known to History . . . shall my cheek not glow with the fire of multitudinous seas incarnadined, to find it fame?"

It took the good President some minutes to get at the nub of this discourse. Finally he looked wise, and said:

"P'raps."

"However," I continued, "if I am to gird on the golden guerdon, and clutch the diadem at a single bound . . . in a word, if you *insist*, I'm your man!"

"Ah," said he, "thank you. I promise you the suffrages of a grateful nation."

"But, Sire, couldn't you . . . couldn't you . . . make a dead sure thing of it . . . ?" I asked.

"How?"

"By creating me President as a Military Necessity?" I said, modestly.

His brow darkened.

"Aren't you asking just a *leetle* too much?" said he.

"It doesn't strike me in that light," I remarked.

"Look a-here," said Abraham, drawing himself up to a part of his full height; "you are a very promising young man, Chevalier, and you have a future. But I knew a young man out West, who worked for my father, and he died of being too smart. Now, don't you rather prefer the idea of longevity?"

"The rebuke is unmerited, Sire. I distinctly decline to become a candidate . . . that is, before the nominating committees meet. I am the last man in the world to do ought except what is prompted by the most shrinking delicacy and excessive modesty."

"We'll see," said the President.

There, our conversation closed, but I firmly believe that all parties and factions can be brought to unite upon me.

If you, dear Vanity, will support my nomination with all your strength, it will be the making of your fortune. Begin next week, please. You may caricature me as a gorilla, if you like.

You may also inquire for how much I can buy the opinions of the *World* and *Daily News*. If they want more than $3 per week, don't engage them; but I think you can get them much cheaper.

. . . Just as I close, a refined deserter brings intelligence that all is quiet along the Rappahannock.

It is rainy.

Yours . . .

McArone.

"LAUGHS BEST WHO LAUGHS LAST."

Saith Uncle Samuel to John Bull, Esq.

John, you laugh at mishaps—
When they catch other chaps—
And wax fat on your cachinnation:
Thus, for months, you have laughed
While the Reb's Pirate craft
Have ravaged the ships of my Nation.

You have cried: "Serves 'em right!"
In your "neutral" delight:
And have thought—I've a shrewd Yankee Notion—
While you grinned in your sleeve—
"Semmes, I hope and believe,
Will once more make me sov'reign of Ocean!"

Well, you've had the first half
Of this fat-breeding laugh,
And I guess it's my turn to feel funny;
For, in some of my ships,
I hear, Semmes and his Rips
Have made free with *your* chattels, my honey!

Now, I think, "heart of oak."
I've the best of the joke,
And, if you feel likely to doubt it,
Your *position* just see
'Twixt Jeff Davis and Me,
And say, John, *what will you do about it?*

THE COPPERHEAD "BOOMERANG."

The day after the Copperhead (M)ass Meeting in Philadelphia, a Vallandig hammer was arrested, on complaint of a gentleman, for assault.

The plaintiff averred that the V-hammer struck out fiercely at somebody else, but that the blow fell on *him*, instead of the party aimed at."

The V hadn't a word to say, and was therefore incontinently "committed to answer."

Now this occurrence bears a moral!

That erratic blow is a symbol!

The Copperheads are doing, *en masse*, just what their unit did, individually.

They are striking out fiercely at everybody (loyal) else, but their blind fury is such that their blows, instead of doing any injury to those they aim at, fall in every instance upon a totally different party.

There is, however, a vital distinction, between the individual case, and the general one.

A distinction, which, happily, also includes a consolation.

In the former instance, the blow descended upon an innocent party!

In the latter, it invariably bruises a guilty one!

In other words, the cuffs which the Copperheads fling about so savagely, always alight in the end, with refreshing force, on their own "conks."

Moral: "Go in freely," Copperheads!!!

Reappearance of Silver.

The fashion-papers inform their readers that silver-grey is going to be the popular color in England, this season.

From this it is safe to predict a fall in the price of nitrate of silver, here. English fashions are sure to find their way to this country, sooner or later, and, when silver-grey becomes the popular color, all the old swells will discontinue dyeing their moustaches.

THE NOBLE SAVAGE.

FROM the well-known reliability of the London Press regarding affairs in the rebel States we have no doubt, whatever, that the statements contained in the following paragraph are substantially correct:

"The London *Court Journal* says it has from the 'Confederate Envoy,' the following: 'As soon as the war is over—over with success to the Confederate cause—a nobility, consisting of duke, marquis, earl, viscount, and lord, with baronet and knight complete, is to be formed, and the great men who have distinguished themselves, by their bravery and patriotism, are to be the recipients of the titles. We can only remark that on such a foundation most of the noble titles taken were established in the old country."

Under the domination of DAVIS, Emperor of China, a roll of grandees would be, of course, a very appropriate thing; but it is to be hoped that, in conferring the proposed titles, the original nomenclature of Southern localities will not be lost sight of. Here, at the North, a peerage would be a very low and vulgar institution, owing to the taste possessed by the practical Yankee for naming places after common-place objects, ideas, or persons. A "Duke of Tompkinsville," for instance, would fail to command any respect on account of his rather plebeian title; but just think of the sensation created in aristocratic circles by the addition to them of a "Marquis of Culpepper Court-House!" An "Earl of Chickasaw Bayou" would have a fine ring in the ear—if not in the nose. "Lord Pocotaligo," making the tour of Europe in company with "Baron Savannah," would stand a much better chance of getting a "first-rate article" from the European press than a Yankee "Earl of Bunker's Hill" could expect to command. And there are to be Viscounts at the South, too, and Discounts, and goodness knows what else, including Knights of the Golden Circle, of course. It might be appropriate for DAVIS, Emperor of China by the Grace of JOHN BULL, to institute, in addition to these, an order of Mandarins, among which the editors of the Southern papers might take a prominent position, in consideration of their many extraordinary Talse.

The Feeling in New-Jersey.

THE *Daily News* has an editorial paragraph headed "New-Jersey for Peace." On reading it we immediately despatched a special reporter to that savage district, and the following is the result of his travels and observations with regard to the feeling there.

"The tavern-keeper at Secaucus, N. J., is strong for peace. So is the old woman who sells apples corner of Meadow and Fourth streets, Hoboken, N. J. Other influential persons residing in different sections of N. J. are stated also to have given their opinion that peace at any price would be a good thing to get."

From the above it will be seen that New-Jersey is the exclusive stronghold of Copperheads and subscribers to the N. Y. *Daily News*.

A Weal Calf.

AT the Anti-Administration Peace Democrat meeting in Brooklyn, on Thursday evening last, Mayor KALBFLEISCH made a speech which not only elicited much Copperhead applause, but even "brought down the house" with three cheers for JEFF. DAVIS!

If there is anything in a name, now, we should say that a man bearing that of KALBFLEISCH ought to know better what the Weal of the country demands than to bring out such sentiments by his language.

Seasonable.

"CERTAIN men are to a certain set of principles what certain maggots are to certain cheeses; they live and wriggle in it."—[N. Y. Daily News, 12th June.

We coincide with the above extract from an editorial of our neighbor's, believing that it is a leaf from their own experience, for if FERNANDO and BENJAMIN had not for some years found nutritious living in such food, they would not wriggle and squirm in such a lively manner as they are now doing.

Confluent Currency.

The Washington correspondent of a city paper gives the following item, relating to the postal currency:

"It is thought in Washington that this currency is an efficient medium for propagating small-pox, as a number of persons there who have handled a deal of it, have contracted the disease."

"This is a bad look-out," as the convict said when he got a glimpse of the gallows from the window of his cell. 'Twere enough, in all conscience, that every house in New-York has in its bloated garbage-box a source of disease compared to which the "Pandora's Box" of FERNANDO WOOD is a *bouquet* of delight, but now it seems that every person's porte-monnaie is a medium for the most violent of maladies. Sweetly prophetic of our porte-monnaie was the poet, when he sang—"A Thing of Beauty is a Joy forever."

A GRUNT FROM CINCINNATI.

THERE is a fine suggestion of pork-packing pig-headedness in the following paragraph:

"Surgeon-General Hammond has just received a report from the Regular Medical Profession of Cincinnati, Ohio. The report is disrespectful, and strongly condemnatory of the Surgeon General's course in prohibiting the use of calomel and striking it from the medical supply table. The meeting recommends the removal of Dr. Hammond from his position as Surgeon-General, and claims that such a result 'would meet the approbation of the profession, be of advantage to our soldiers, and a credit to the Government."

In reference to the above, we deny the capacity of the "Regular Medical Profession of Cincinnati, Ohio," to pass judgment upon the propriety or otherwise of using calomel in army hospital practice. The only malady in which the medicoes of Cincinnati have ever had any experience is the vulgar one known as the measles, which is peculiar to swiny districts, and yields, we believe, to nothing so soon as to calomel. They know nothing about the ills, or illnesses, to which the bold soldier boy is liable, such as bomb-shells, bullets and bayonets. Their ideas are limited to calomel and saltpetre—both in connection with Pig. We would not allow a Cincinnati "regular practitioner" to cut off a leg belonging to us for fifty dollars, every dig he would give into with his knife would be a Pork Chop. The bacon of the Pig may be saved by the Cincinnati "regular practitioner"—the bacon of the soldier, never. And this is the kind of saw-bacon who wants to have Surgeon-General HAMMOND dismissed from his position! To Bristle up is natural enough for a Cincinnati "regular practitioner," is only from Cincinnati associations; but if he *must* grunt all the way to Washington, at least let him grunt like a well-bred animal of the pure Berkshire breed, instead of giving vent to a "disrespectful" *honk*, as stated in the above paragraph.

Inconsistent Pennsylvania.

A TELEGRAM from Harrisburg gives the following item of intelligence:

"Major-General Couch arrived this afternoon, to consult with Governor Curtin on the best means of defending our border from anticipated invasion."

Thus it appears that Pennsylvania, Wide Awake as she is to danger, depends on nothing short of a CURTIN and a COUCH to counteract it.

A Carte-de-Visite Conundrum.

Q. WHY is a photographic album like the drainer on a bar counter?

A. Because it is often a receptacle for Empty Mugs.

XUM

THIS IS A STUDY FROM LIFE OF OLD MR. SNUZER, AS HE APPEARED WHILE ENJOYING HIS NOONTIDE NAP IN ONE OF OUR CITY GARDENS.

Righting Made Easy.

WE understand that the "impression on blotting-paper," of the signatures of the PRINCE OF WALES and PRINCESS ALEXANDRA to the marriage register, was secured by JENKINS of the London Press. As the writing is reversed, of course, the ingenious JENKINS has contrived to Right the signatures by pasting them into a photographic album, to the opposite page of which a small looking-glass is affixed. A vestry-room theft, like this, might well be considered a blot on the reputation of the Cockney JENKINS, were it not a fact that all the rest of London is engaged in envying him for having got possession of the Blotter.

"Cum Grano."

"VICKSBURGH can never be taken by assault," remarked SOME ONE, looking up from the morning paper.

"Then Admiral PORTER is no longer of any use there," said JENKS.

"Why so?" asked S. O.

"Because, as you have just observed, Vicksburgh can never be taken by a(s) sa(u)lt!"

But the Querist didn't "see" it, after all.

Literary.

WE find it stated in the literary department of a contemporary, that JOHN G. SAXE is hunting up his "fugitive humorous pieces" with a view to publishing them in a volume.

Considering that Mr. SAXE'S humorous pieces are remarkable for running very well, we rather guess that the portly poet will have to put his best foot foremost in the process of hunting them up.

THE COPPERHEADS OF THE FAR WEST.—The Snake Indians.

THE GARBAGE.

STATEMENTS have been made by certain authorities, that our city is now clean. This is either a mistake or worse: our city is still a nilotic deposit, sacred to the canine corpse, the feline victim of violence, and the bloated blue-bottle fly. Fifty thousand cart-loads of filth, we are told, have been removed from the streets within the last fortnight. We don't miss them: not a filth. Go fifty paces from Broadway, in any direction, almost, and your nose will tell you what it knows, and what your nose knows, you know, will be what you know, quick enough. In Mercer street, just back of the Winter Garden, there is, at this present writing, an accumulation of putrid garbage sufficient to fertilize a dozen Summer gardens for the remainder of the present century. It cannot be a healthful locality, there in Mercer street, just back of the Winter Garden. We notice that the old man who has stood since time first was, for aught we know to the contrary, at the stage-door of the Winter Garden, has visibly paled and diminished in bulk since the warm weather brought out the deleterious gases from the garbage-box upon the edge of which his venerable nose usually reposes. His hat sits loosely upon his evaporating head, now, and he is running manifestly to boots. He will be garbage in a week from this date, unless something is done for his neighborhood. It is as bad in other vicinities. Pigeons drop down, dead, as they fly over the slums in the neighborhood of Varick street; and as for the "Dismal Swamp," on the east side of the city, we expect that it will soon become a Hiding-place for alligators, as it long has been for gaiters of a more useful description.

A CITY OF NUISANCES.

THE Philadelphia *Sunday Dispatch* says that the Common Councilmen of that city have made an excursion to Boston, to learn how the streets of the City of Notions are kept clean. If these gentlemen are earnest in the pursuit of knowledge, we would recommend them to extend their trip to New-York, in order that they may see how the streets of the City of Nuisances are kept dirty. Should they do so, they had better provide themselves with numerous "pocket-pistols" containing deodorizing fluids of the most subtle character, balm of many hundred thousands flowers, *eau-de-vie*, and such other essences as may be calculated to preserve life under the circumstances of a walk round New-York. The ordeal will be a severe one for the Philadelphia City Fathers; but they will return to their own side-walks with a fuller appreciation of the blessings of cleanliness than before, and with improved ideas regarding the sanitary value of accumulated manure.

Caution to Ladies.

INDIA-RUBBER gloves are said to be very useful articles for ladies who amuse themselves in gardening and similar pursuits. There is one danger in their use, however. We have just had a melancholy account of a beautiful young girl who was remarkable for possessing very finely pencilled eyebrows. Overcome with the drowsy influence of the weather and a solemn young man who was making a morning call, she inadvertently rubbed her eyes with her India-rubber knuckles, and, dreadful to relate, completely obliterated her finely pencilled eyebrows in the process.

TORY *VERSUS* TERRITORY.

SAYS CAUPORHED—"What narrow minds
Have they who rule our land!
And yet the more the scamps contract,
The more our debts expand.
But neighbor TRUE retorts—"Why zounds!
You call them 'narrow' men,
Yet say they pass their legal bounds;
What would your lordship then?
You'd have a wondrous breadth of brain,
But narrow down our broad domain,
That should the nation then complain,
'Twould be on smaller grounds.

WONDERFUL TWO-HORSE ACT PERFORMED BY GOVERNOR SEYMOUR ON THE ROAD BETWEEN THIS AND 1864.

BOSTON.

As Viewed by Mr. Peeps.

Boston, June 8, 1363.

Dear V. F.:—*I am here!* [Duke's Motto.] Can you imagine a greater felicity? And what's the odds if you can, so long as I can't? Oh, hang your *regularity*—your 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, and so on up to Hundred-and-froze-to-death street, all parallel, and all alike! Here, you *can't* go straight if you want to, except morally—and there, I confess, the boot is on the other leg. As for beauty, send your young men where there is no danger of their being tempted by it.

Oh, what a spot the Common is! Coming up through Summer street—and observing quite a change of air as I entered Winter street, and thinking the whole thing quite seasonable—I at length perceived the opportunity of gratifying the innocent wish I had always felt—since the Revolution, in fact —— to set foot on its hallowed soil and dost on its pretty trees—one moment more and I was in it! "Now," said I to myself, "for a high old stroll!" Well, I had just got nicely under weigh, keeping well to the right and looking off admiringly toward the left, when suddenly I came to a fence—hang it! I wished the Commons was a little longer—that's all. But when I reflected that it was as broad as it was long—being in fact as square as the platform you stand on. I concluded that I had been hasty. (Fast walkers often arrive at sad conclusions, and fences.) So I took a few steps backward—though I turned around to do it—and found myself on the verge of the famous Frog Pond. It pained me to observe the neglect with which this lovely handful of water is now treated. There is not a frog in it! But —look you!—the Frog Pond is no Common puddle. It is not only ornamental (for this I have the word of several Bostonians) but *useful*—and what more can you ask?—for I notice that the active, little boys who play "one-old-cat" in its vicinity, often pitch their balls into it—for they *must* pitch 'em *somewhere*, and the limits of the Common fostered perfect liberty of choice—and thus the balls are kept moist and tender, and the boys, sense of beauty is gratified by the spectacle of the sweet rainbows they afford as the sizzle through the air. It is so *clean* in the Common, a New-Yorker feels guiltily dirty in it, and longs for a plunge into the pond. The very trees wear an air of conscious pride, and seems to feel as though they were conferring a favor by growing there and looking so jolly green. This pond is shaped like an oyster-shell, or a boxing-glove, and would seem to have been partially "doubled up," on some ancient occasion, by an equally ancient and aqueous Captain Cuttle, and had never since possessed the fortitude to "bulge out" and assist itself, like a resolute Frog Pond, "all of the olden time." I am informed that these active Bostonians, so thorough in everything, are in the frequent habit of drawing off the water of the pond, scraping the bottom carefully, and scouring it with soap-and-and water. No wonder the ancient Frogs couldn't stand this sort of treatment.

Looking about me, in a sort of ecstacy, of admiration—as who wouldn't?—I espied a cunning little buttercup, nestling cosily in the grass. Stepping over to crop it for you—for I know your simple tastes—I stumbled against a sort of cast-iron guitar-peg stuck in the ground, with the inscription "Keep off the grass."—As there was no grass *on* me at the time (for I had just been admiring myself from head to foot,) I thought it might mean "Keep *yourself* off the grass," and as I did—to the great delight of the flowers, I dare say. A little hurt at this official rudeness—for how do they know people *want* to go on their grass?—and besides feeling a little fatigued with my long walk, I sat down on a zinc-covered bench, feeling quite shocked. Starting up with a bound—for I am rather eccentric—I so far changed my mind that I began the ascent of an eminence before me, resolving to attain the summit or perish on the acclivity, even though I should subsequently roll down to the Frog Pond and get into the Scrape I lately mentioned. It was half-past 4 when I started, and twenty-nine minutes and a half to 5 when I had accomplished the task. The view from this exalted point—for it was over ten feet from the level of the Frog Pond—was sublime! The purified air produced the usual effects on my system (for further on this point, see Humboldt and Gay Lussac,) but I bore it like a hero, and folding my arms across my manly chest, repressed the tendency of my blood to burst from my lips by compressing them firmly together. I felt something as I should suppose "stout Cortez" to have felt, standing on that peak in Darien and staring at the Pacific.

Turning at length from the thrilling spectacle of those funny boys knocking at a ball and never hitting it, I beheld with astonishment what seemed to be Prof. Lowe's yellowest and dirtiest balloon, just rising above (and as yet half-hidden by) the trees on my right. I was soon ashamed of their contemptible illusion: What I had fancied a balloon was the majestic dome of the noble old State House. Gazing a long time delightedly on this suberb work of high old Art. I bethought me of the "Great Tree," as the celebrated Oak is called, which was a theme of wonder, from its antiquity, to the bare-legged Indians of old. Descending the hill in three mi3hty strides. I bent my reverent steps toward the venerable and decrepit object I have mentioned—reaching its vicinity in about three strides more. It seems to have had a huge poultice lately applied to its trunk. This I am told draws well, and numbers view the pathetic spectacle daily. Fancy me, with my bald head uncovered, bending humbly to the cast-iron plate on the fence who if encircles this fine old—add I hope still fruity—tree, reading the inscription: and so leave me till another time. Peeps.

Washy.

We hear that some man of genius suggests a photographic portrait, adhesive, like a postage-stamp, and about the size of one, as a protection for travellers' baggage.

On considering the idea of the adhesive baggage-vender, we are inclined to think that it might wash—off.

The Skirmish at Poolesville.

A Telegram done into Verse.

Moseby crossed the Potomac
Early in the morning,
Scott's Nine Hundred drove him back,
His guerrillas scorning:
And our dashing troopers never
Stopped the road to doze by,
But are gone across the river
On the heels of Moseby.

Floral Bonnets.

If ladies *will* persist in wearing parterres of flowers upon their heads, they must not be surprised should they be sometimes liable to such dangers as the one described in the following paragraph:

"On Thursday last a singular circumstance occurred at Avon, N. Y., well worthy of note. A Mrs. Baker was in her garden when suddenly she heard a buzzing in the air and upon looking up saw a swarm of bees coming directly toward her. She stood still and the whole swarm alighted on her sun-bonnet With due presence of mind Mrs. B. removed the bonnet and placed it on a stick, took them to a hive and secured them without assistance."

Our ubiquitous correspondent, who inspected Mrs. Baker's bonnet, assures us that the article in question has been incorrectly described as a "sun-bonnet." It was a fashionable Sunday-go-to-meeting article, with a small flower-garden on the apex of it, among the herbage of which were to be recognized wild thyme, *veronica quinquefolia, dardanelia vulgaris*, and many other blossoms upon which the little busy bee doth love to linger. Quite lately, Mrs. Baker, while wearing the same bonnet, was attacked by a flock of humming-birds, which were put to flight, however, by the gardener, who happened to be at work on the bonnet, spade in hand.

Wrestling with Knowledge.

We see it mentioned in the papers that a Wrestling Club has been formed at Bowdoin College.

This appears to be an improvement upon the practice at the English universities, where the students Wrangle, only, for their degrees. Wrestling is preferable to Wrangling, at all times.

"O Scissors!"

Sheffield, the great hardware, scissor-grinding town of England, has had a public meeting of its citizens, who demand of the British Government a recognition of the independence of our rebel States.

It is natural that Sheffield, being nothing but a large tool-factory, should Ax a good deal.

Roebuck is the Member for Sheffield, which accounts, perhaps, for the sledge-hammer character of his speeches.

The Weigh of the "World."

The "World" is but a fleeting show
How fancy facts can garble:
Bilious its wit, its Leaders slow,
With "nary" shine. If this ain't so,
Ther'es softer stuff than Marble!

FERNANDO WOOD AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

E are enabled, by favor of our landlady's washerwoman's aunt, who is a reliable clairvoy-aunt, to give the following particulars respecting FERNANDO WOOD'S interview with the President, one day last week.

On Mr. WOOD being announced by the groom-in-waiting-with-the-gold-stick, Mr. LINCOLN ordered that pampered menial to usher the distinguished visitor into the Wood shed, as the day was warm, and Mr. WOOD is accustomed to the society of chips.

The shed was fitted up with some regard to propriety. Against a stump in one corner of it leaned the traditional axe with which Mr. LINCOLN is popularly supposed to beguile his lighter hours in splitting rails. It appeared to be a larger, as well as sharper axe than the one brought by Mr. WOOD to grind, which, however, was partly wrapped up in a copy of the *Daily News*, and did not, therefore, appear to any great advantage.

The President soon made his appearance, followed by a servant clad in the livery of the White House, whose dark, sinewy hands supported a tray upon which stood a couple of wine-glasses and a decanter of mushroom ketchup, which is known to be Mr. WOOD'S favorite tipple.

"I think I see you, Mr. WOOD," said the President, with the jocund salutation of one who felt the ground firm under his feet. "You have been at it again, I see, at New-York; how many people really attended your Peace Convention the other evening? Fill a bumper, sir, to keep your courage up, and pass the maddening bowl."

"Variously estimated, sir," replied FERNANDO, tossing off a glass of the coal-black fungoid wine. "The papers stated the number variously, at from two hundred and thirty-three thousand and nineteen, to six hundred and one thousand and two. My own opinion is that there were a good many people there."

"I presume from the fact of your making use, in your speech, of the expression, 'Peace on earth, and good will,' that there was a pretty good show of muscle present. I have noticed that there always is at political meetings of a religious turn."

"We had muscle at there, sir, indeed, but it was very mild. The Peace Democrat is a shorn lamb, standing, as it were, on a hill-top, and bleating for a tempered wind."

"A South-down ram, rather, whose bleat is going down South on as mean a breeze as ever blew. You don't come over this tough old disciple with your lamb, Mr. WOOD: *non ex quo ligno fit agnus*—Wood ain't the material for lamb and green peas. Your motive in honoring me with this visit, sir? I would your mission know."

"I come on the part of the Peace Democrats of New-York"——

"Whose leader you are, I believe."

"Not so, sir, I am but a poor henchman of the Peace Apostles. No crowned potentate am I, but merely a humble henchman."

"A Henchman, eh? I thought you was a native of New-York. You speak English very well for a Henchman, Mr. WOOD: I wish I could speak Hench as well as you do English."

"There is a cry for peace upon earth, sir; our poor lambs of New-York have been terribly cut up by this foul and unnatural war. Thousands of them are fertilizing the soil by mingling their dust with it. PANDORA'S box is wide open."

Why don't she keep it shut, then. Shut it down, you, and sit on it. Thus employed, Mr. WOOD, the stern but forgiving world would point its iron-clad elbow at you, and say—'Behold, the right man in the right place.'—I think you are an agent in PANDORA'S interest, Mr. WOOD; there arises from you a certain exhalation of her spurious though deadly drugs."

"When are you going to put your foot down on this fratricidal and ——"

"That has been said before. Is your mission to obtain the use of my foot for squashing the noblest effort ever made by a great nation to keep itself that? If so, evacuate the apartment, sir, and leave me to my reflections on the baseness of a part of mankind."

"We think that a truce to hostilities for ten or twelve years—till something turns up, in fact—would be conducive to the public welfare. Where is the necessity for carrying on the war, now, when we know the game is in our hands?"

"Your policy, like your brother's, is a good deal with the South, I believe. Am I right?

"My policy is peace. I have been religiously brought up and am, therefore, a sincere believer in the noble fire-eaters of the South."

"Oh, ah! a fire-eater-worshipper, sir. It is a fine, high-toned religion, sir, as religions go, and has only one fault that I can discern. It won't wash. Why don't you go and live with the religious fire-eaters of the South? You shall have a free pass over the lines. I gave one to VALLANDIGHAM."

"VALLANDIGHAM!—latest name on the calendar of martyred saints. A good man struggling with fanaticism is the noblest group sculptor's mind could realize."

"He was struggling with a file of soldiers last I saw of him: more likely to be scalped than sculped, I guess. *Sic semper Copperheadibus!*"

"I find I am not making any impression on you with regard to a movement for peace. It is fearful to see a human being at your time of life thus addicted to wallowing in bel-lud, Mr. LINCOLN."

"It am."

"Perhaps I am rather boring you with my presence than otherwise, Mr. LINCOLN."

"You be."

Here the conversation became so laconic, on Mr. LINCOLN'S part, that FERNANDO WOOD took an abrupt leave, and returned to New-York by the express train, accompanied by several thousand soldiers of the New-York regiments, who ran alongside of the cars all the way, shaking hands with him. The scene was a very affecting one, as our readers will realize, when we tell them that it brought tears into the stoker's eyes, where nothing but ashes were ever seen before.

A SUGGESTION TO THE DISCOVERERS OF THE NILE SOURCES.

THE scientific world has long been occupied with the task of tracing the courses of the two great Africo-Egyptian rivers to their sources. Two enterprising English travellers have at length succeeded in finding that of the Nile. We congratulate them and the rest of mankind, and beg to suggest that Messrs. SPEKE and GRANT complete their voyage of discovery by coming over to this country, where, by enlisting in one of our victorious armies, they will have an admirable opportunity of ascertaining the course of the other great natural problem—the Ni(g)ger.

The topographical data already in our possession enables us to affirm that this dark stream *rises* at several points in the land of Secessia, and taking a devious but steady course northward, flows as rapidly as the nature of the obstacles it has to encounter will permit, with a constantly gathering volume toward the country of Freedom.

Starting with this information, these two enlightened adventurous Britons might pursue their investigations with a sanguine hope of success, and the nation would be under everlasting obligations to them, if they were eventually able to solve this mighty Ethiopian problem for ever!

Examinations in Natural History.

Q. CAN you describe the cry of the Puma?

A. It is said to resemble, exactly, that of a young child.

Q. You are aware that the Puma swims fearlessly across wide rivers and lakes: can you account for the boldness of a land animal in thus braving the dangers of the watery element?

A. As I have already said, the Puma is possessed of a child's Call, so that, according to the well-established belief, it can have no dangers to fear from the element to which you refer.

Question by a Landsman.

Is the Counter of a ship the place where the Captain makes his Sails?

Motto for Retreating Artillery.

"SAVE the Pieces!"

CORRESPONDENCE OF FERNANDO WOOD.

(A FRIEND who has been in the interior for a few days, and who has since been professionally engaged in various wards in this city, has procured from the writer copies of a number of letters addressed to FERNANDO WOOD since the Peace Convention at the Cooper Institute. As they will probably not be printed unless we insert them, we give a few of the raciest to our readers.)

I.

SIR.—I see from the newspapers that you have held a "Quaker meeting" or "peace convention" in New-York city. Who authorized you to split the Democratic party, and send us War Democrats, who constitute a majority of that party, out of it. Where did the money come from that paid the expenses of the "exhibition?" What is the rate of sterling exchange just now? You call yourself a Democrat. If General JACKSON were alive, would he have attended or countenanced your movement? Why did you not invite Generals BUTLER, BURNSIDE, and the other Democratic Generals in our army to attend? Why did you not invite Gov. SEYMOUR and Adjt.-Gen. SPRAGUE? A JACKSON DEMOCRAT.

To FERNANDO WOOD, ESQ.

II.

SIR.—The fact that you have been permitted to hold your peace convention, and to utter the sentiments dictated by cowardice and treason, disproves your slanders of President LINCOLN'S Administration. Go to Richmond, where you belong! By us who have stood in battle for our country, black soldiers fighting by our side as volunteers are counted more respectable than black-guards prating of peace at home. Contemptuously yours,

A NEW-YORK VOLUNTEER.

To F. WOOD.

III.

DEAR SIR:—I have found the Irish almost to a man opposed to your "peace movement." They have too many friends in the army, and have learned from the newspapers that the Southern Government has not only increased the rate of postage and incurred a colossal debt which they believe it will repudiate, but that it has even gone so far as to prescribe the sort of crops that must be cultivated by those who are not taken by its sweeping conscription law. They say further that the war has increased the emigration from Ireland, and raised the price of labor. Besides, they pride themselves on their fighting qualities, express boundless indignation of JEFF DAVIS'S treatment of their countrymen in the South, and swear that they are ready, if necessary, to whip him first, and then take a turn at their old oppressors—the aristocracy of England—afterwards. In short, they regard a peace movement as an emanation from Richmond, and as smacking of cowardice and dishonor to an extent not to be countenanced by any man of spirit. I can do nothing with the Irish, so I must resign my agency. Yours, respectfully,

* *

HON. FERNANDO WOOD.

IV.

FROM AN EXTRA OF THE "RICHMOND ————."

——"Great caution must be observed by the Press in regard to the 'peace movement' incorporated by the Hon. FERNANDO WOOD, of New-York. Though we have friends at the North who, notwithstanding the failure of their first secret negotiations with our Government, have stuck to us, we must not break down their influence by commending them too openly. In such of our papers as are to be permitted to cross the lines, Mr. WOOD'S project should be seemingly attacked, but he should not be spoken of in terms of disrespect. If we are discreet, and get enough cotton to Liverpool, something may be effected at the North."

THE "LIBERTY OF THE PRESS."

ACCORDING to notice duly given in the public prints, the heads of the Press had a meeting at the Astor house on Monday last, to consider the question of liberty of speech as connected with editorial leaders.

The members who attended were accommodated with a private room, the furniture of which consisted principally of a *buffet* ranged with everything likely to be wanted in the way of drinks; and there was some laughter when the first to avail himself of the arrangement was Mr. HORACE GREELEY of the *Tribune*, who tossed off a "rummer of something gummy," as he himself expressed it, to the "perfect liberty of the Press."

The meeting was called to order by Mr. JAMES BROOKS, of the *Express*, who said that he thought the republican papers ought to be held liable to suppression. Who would care, for instance, if a properly appointed Censor of the Press took it into his head to order a suppression of the *Tribune* and of its editors?

Mr. GREELEY said that, on an occasion like the present, the journalists of all parties ought to hang together.

Mr. RAYMOND, of the *Times*, objected to the last speaker for thus reviving a very old joke. The *Tribune* was a humorous as well as a sporting paper, and its principal editor ought to be aware that Joe Millerisms are no longer tolerated in decent society.

Mr. GREELEY burst into tears, and threw a decanter at the head of the *Daily News*, who said he would not return the compliment, being a sworn peace man.

A newsboy whose name we did not learn, but who represented the *Herald*, said that the meeting was all bosh. "Any man who is competent to conduct a paper," said he, "upon philosophical, statesman-like and constitutional principles requires no instructions nor assistance from twopenny partisan editors. Wait until a democratic President is elected, and see if the seditious and treasonable *Tribune* be not the first paper stopped."

Mr. JAMES BROOKS thought that VANITY FAIR ought to be suppressed on account of the mordacious character of its jokes.

The Editor of VANITY FAIR would not have the *Express* suppressed, on any account. The Spartans of old used to warn their children against the effects of drink by exhibiting a drunken helot in the public market-place. So of a Copperhead journal; let it circulate as a warning, by all means. If the strong-minded women were to be characterized as the She lot of journalism, why might not the Copperhead Press be termed the He lot?"

The Editor of the *Daily News* said that his idea was full liberty of speech or none. Elocution was the greatest gift of Heaven to man, and how on earth could a fellow spout genteely, with his hands pinioned behind his back?

A sensible man in spectacles wanted to know what it was all about. Who was hurt?—he asked: never holler till you're stood upon.

This view of the matter seemed to puzzle the meeting, which broke up in disorder, leaving the Editor of VANITY FAIR to settle the little bills.

Questions for Consideration.

A LATE number of the *Evening Express* contains a communication headed thus:

"Was JOHN QUINCY ADAMS a Copperhead?"

As a *pendant* to which we beg to propound the following:

"Was GEORGE WASHINGTON, who wiped out monarchy from our slate, a Wiper?"